the bathtub is full of cherry coke

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by abbymyg

Summary

Will Graham is a merman very curious about humans. Nigel is a pirate who finds a very interesting creature trapped in his ship's fishing nets one day.

Notes

Hello!

This is my fic for day 3 of the Alternative Universes Challenge from the FAD server.

Additional warnings: Read the tags very carefully. Mermaids in this universe have both female and male genitalia. Because of this, the words cunt and pussy are used to describe Will's genitalia as well as cock. There's also a slight implication of a possible pregnancy. If any of this makes you uncomfortable, please don't read.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will has always been curious about humans. He loves swimming near the surface, looking at the beautiful ships, and searching for every kind of trinket he can find. As much as his father has told him not to, he ignores his warnings. He never goes alone, always has his friends Alana or Margot with him. They always look out for each other. Nothing bad has ever happened.

One day, however, Margot and Alana are both busy so he decides he'll go alone. He figures he'll be fine, considering his past experiences.

He was *oh so wrong.*

The first warning sign should have been the big fishing nets near the surface. He ignores them instead, avoiding them as he swims upwards. When he reaches the surface, he sees an enormous almost black vessel, with equally big sails. He can see multiple people on it. Someone is singing, someone is playing some kind of instrument, and some others are dancing around with those legs Will sometimes envies so much.

He's so distracted by it that he doesn't realize there's a fishnet right under him that's being pulled until it's too late and he's already trapped inside. He yelps as his tail gets tangled in the thick ropes.

He can't escape, no matter how hard he tries.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck," he repeats under his breath, using his hands to try to cut it somehow, but it's useless.

The net exits the water and he's hoisted onto the boat.

"What the fu— captain!" one of the humans calls loudly.

"Oh, God, is that a mermaid?" another one asks, mouth hanging open. "An *actual* mermaid!"

"A merboy, you mean, that's clearly a male," a third one says, eyeing Will up and down.

"Captain!" calls the first one again.

"I fucking heard you the first time," a man says as he gets closer. "What is all the fuss about?"

He shuts up when he sees Will.

The merboy's tail of beautiful blue and green hues is still trapped in the thick net. His upper body is bare, shining due to the droplets of water, and his brown curls are dripping onto the ship's floor. His round blue eyes look at him, curious and afraid at the same time.

"Oh, what do we have here?" he asks with a grin, kneeling in front of him.

"A merboy, sir."

“Yes I can fucking see that,” the captain spits at him. “Do you speak, boy?” he asks, grabbing his chin.

“Yes, sir,” Will replies, shyly, with a shaky voice.

His heart is beating hard in his chest. He is not sure the people in this boat are good people. Most pirates seem to be carrying pointy objects. Weapons. They don’t look that friendly, and Will’s instincts are rarely wrong.

“You’re quite pretty, boy,” he says as he runs his fingers over Will’s tail. “I’m sure you’ll sell for good money at the pirate’s market.”

Will’s eyes open wider in fear and the captain’s sadistic smile grows bigger.

Shit, shit, shit. This can’t be happening.

Will has to escape.

He has to find a way to break free from the net and escape. It shouldn’t be too hard to jump to the sea, and then the humans won’t be able to catch him; he is too fast for them.

He is starting to come up with a plan in his head when the captain’s fingers reach a hollow place in the front of his tail. Will can’t hold back a moan as the rough pad of the human’s finger brushes against his sweet spot.

The captain’s smile turns even more twisted still. “Oh? What did I find here?” He rubs the spot with his thumb again, to then push a finger inside of him.

Will screams out, both from pain and surprise. “No!” He writhes, trying to move away, but is unsuccessful.

“Merboys have pussies too?" the pirate asks, surprised. The insides of Will are wet, slick.

"It seems so, sir," another pirate agrees. The way he is looking at him makes Will feel nauseated.

"Stop, please, don't do that!" Will begs, beginning to panic.

"Shut up!" the captain slaps him on the cheek, hard.

Will's face turns from the sheer force of it. Tears immediately form in his eyes, threatening to fall. His jaw hangs in surprise. He's never been treated like this before.

He should have listened to his father's warnings. Humans are awful after all.

"Take him inside," the captain requests, "to the dungeon."

“Yes, sir!” A few pirates gather around, saluting him, ready to obey.

Four of them hold him by his arms and waist, making sure he stays still as three others try to untangle him from the net.

“It won’t work,” one of them says.

“Well, what the fuck do we do? We can’t just cut it! We only have two,” he says. “Captain Nigel will be furious.”

“What do you think will infuriate him more!?” the first one says. “Will he get us thrown overboard if we cut the net, that we can fix later, or if we disobey his orders and don’t bring him the merboy?”

The second one gulps. “You’re right.”

They cut the net. A new sense of hope blooms in Will’s chest. If he times it right, he might be able to free himself and jump into the sea. But the pirates grip his tail firmly as well, and one of them even slides a finger inside of him when Will tries to move away.

“Easy, pretty thing,” he says, laughing. “Where do you think you are going?”

Will gasps. It hurts.

“Nowhere, I’m sorry, I’m sorry!” There are tears streaming down his face.

“Good, keep still now, let us work.” He retrieves his finger.

Once they have finished untying him, they carry him to the interior of the boat, and into a dark-lighted room which must be the dungeon. They bound him in chains to the wall. Will takes notice of who has the key, and in which pocket they saved it, just in case it proves useful later.

They leave him alone for a couple of minutes until he hears footsteps coming down the stairs and the captain—Nigel, he recalls what the pirates called him—appears in front of him. The devilish smile on his lips makes Will shudder from head to tail.

“I’m sorry about this, gorgeous,” he says without any sincerity. “I can’t have you running—or, well, swimming away,” he chuckles. “Should we have some fun?” he asks. Will gets the impression he’s not asking for permission, just informing him.

“What are you going to do to me?” Will asks. He’s scared but making a massive effort to not let it show. The way his voice trembles doesn’t help his cause.

Nigel’s smile widens. “What am I going to do to you, sweet thing?” he echoes the question, tracing his scales with his fingertips. “What am I *not* going to do to you, is the question.” His fingers move from his tail to his Apollo's belt and higher. The cold touch makes him shiver. “What’s your name, boy?”

Will considers if he should lie for a moment, but finds no reason why. It’s not like the pirates can breathe underwater to ask other merfolks where his family lives and hold him hostage, for ransom pearls or something.

“Will,” he answers.

“Will, eh?” he continues touching him. He reaches a nipple and pinches it briefly, before moving his hand back down towards his tail. “And tell me, Will…” He finds his slit again, teasing it. “Do all of your kind have this?” he asks, inserting a finger.

Will whines. “Don’t, please, don’t…” The sweet pleas that fall from his lips only fuel Nigel’s desire more.

“Answer the question, Will,” Nigel insists, adding a second digit and thrusting them quickly, painfully.

“Yes, yes, we do,” he answers. Maybe if he cooperates, this will be easier.

Nigel’s thrusts slow down. “How curious. How do you reproduce, then?” He keeps moving his fingers, only a tad more gently.

“The…the males have penises, too,” Will explains. He hates the blush that rushes to his cheeks.

“Oh?” Nigel tilts his head curious. He uses his free hand to feel along his tail. “Where?”

Will tries to move his hands, but the chains won’t allow it. They bruise the skin of his wrists and make him hiss.

“A bit higher,” he says instead, guiding Nigel.

Nigel keeps moving his fingers higher up, unhurriedly, feeling for Will's reactions and instructions.

“Just a little bit higher,” Will directs.

Nigel knows he has found the spot when Will moans.

The captain touches the head of Will’s cock, hidden under his scales right on top of his folds. Upon his touch, it seems to awaken, starting to extend.

“It’s retractable,” Nigel observes. “Interesting.” He gives its length a few leisure strokes, watching it grow to fullness. “Can you fuck yourself?”

Will’s eyes go wide with fear, then disgust when he realizes how turned on the idea makes him. He won’t let Nigel know that though.

“No,” he says, even when he’s never tried. He’s afraid that, if he expresses it out loud, Nigel will want to test it right away.

Nigel smiles. He drops the subject for the moment and focuses back on assaulting Will’s cunt with his fingers. Will is getting wetter, making it easier to slide them in and out, but no less invasive for Will. He wants to resist with all his might, force Nigel to get away, and never

touch him again, but he's powerless to do so. No matter how much he trashes around, Nigel's hand on his abdomen and his knee on the lower part of his tail keep him in place.

He adds another finger and Will moans, squeezing around the digits as if that could drive them out. Then Nigel wraps his other hand around Will's cock, jerking up and down. Will's breathing grows labored, and soft whimpers begin to escape his lips between complaints. It feels good, and he despises it. He doesn't want to gain pleasure from this. He doesn't want to give Nigel the satisfaction.

"What beautiful sounds you make for me, Will," the captain chuckles as if he were able to read his mind.

Will whines. "No, no, I don't," he argues.

"Oh, but yes you do, sweetheart." He rubs his cockslit with his thumb, making Will moan. Nigel smirks. "See?"

"Stop, please, I don't wanna do this, I don't—" He finds it impossible to speak when Nigel's pace increases. He won't be able to hide the sounds of pleasure if he opens his mouth.

"We're only getting started, gorgeous," Nigel says and, with that, pulls away from him.

Will pants, grateful for the break. His breath evens out slowly and he closes his eyes, trying to clear his mind. When he opens them again, though, he gasps at the sight in front of him: Nigel has taken off his pants, and hanging between his legs, right before Will's eyes, is his cock. It's bigger than Will has seen on any merman before, thicker and curvier too. Veiny and angry red. Hard.

"Are you ready to take me, darling?" he asks, but Will knows he doesn't care what the answer will be.

He'll fuck him anyway, whether Will likes it or not. That doesn't prevent him from fighting it.

"No!" he screams.

He pulls on the chains, which rattle against the wall in consequence, making an almost deafening noise. If he has to break the walls of the ship to free himself, he's going to do it. All of the humans can drown, he doesn't care.

"Don't waste your energy like that, boy, it's useless," Nigel tells him. He kneels in front of him, positioning himself to easily penetrate him.

"No!" Will says again. Nigel is so close that he manages to grab a fistful of his hair in one hand and yank, hard, pulling a strand out.

Everything freezes for a moment as the both of them look at the lock of hair on Will's hand. Then Nigel slaps him with so much strength that Will tastes blood and black spots swirl in his vision for a moment.

“I tried to make this easier for you, Will, I really did,” Nigel says. His tone is ice cold. “But it seems gentleness won’t work with you.”

“No, I’m sorry, please, I—” Tears stream down Will’s face.

Nigel hits him again. The merman whimpers.

“None of that, slut,” he says. “I’ll be taking what I want now, and you better stay still.”

He spits on his hand and gives his cock a couple of firm strokes before he aligns the head with Will’s cunt.

“No!” Will screams. It’s the only thing he can do, unable to push Nigel away.

Nigel shoves his cock inside of him, fast and deep, giving the merboy no time to adjust.

Will screams louder.

Nigel chuckles and begins thrusting, fucking him eagerly.

“Fuck, gorgeous,” he says, “you’re so wet for me, shit,” he adds, “you’re enjoying this, aren’t you, naughty thing? You like being fucked by a human?”

“No, no, please, stop!” Will begs, tears streaming down his cheeks. “It hurts! Please stop!”

Nigel continues pounding, pushing his cock further into his pussy. Will whimpers and tries to get away, but he cannot break free.

“Don’t worry, pretty boy,” Nigel continues. “You’ll get used to it soon enough.”

“I don’t want to, stop!” Will says.

“Too late for that now,” Nigel replies, pumping even faster. His nails dig painfully on the merboy’s hips. He seems to be getting off on Will’s pain.

“No!” Will cries. “Please!”

The merboy’s cries get mixed with moans. The stretch of Nigel’s cock hurts like hell, yet he can’t fight the waves of pleasure that invade him. It makes him disgusted, nauseous even. He hates that he is getting pleasure from being treated like this.

“Fuck, you’re so tight,” Nigel says.“Are you a virgin?”

Will weeps, not replying.

“Answer me!” he demands, slapping him again.

Will screams out. “Yes, yes, I am!” he admits.

“Good,” Nigel smiles. “I’ll make your first time something to remember.”

“No!” Will wails.

“I don’t know if you can get pregnant from fucking humans, gorgeous,” Nigel continues rambling as he fucks into him. “But I guess we’ll find out—fuck!”

“No, no, please, don’t!” Will doesn’t know how to beg to make Nigel take mercy on him. “Please, no, pull out, pull out!”

“How I love to hear you beg, sweetheart,” the pirate laughs. His brutal pace makes Will bang his head repeatedly against the wall. “It won’t help you at all, but I won’t stop you,” he mocks.

Will feels sick. His cock is stiff and fully extended. He doesn’t want to come. He doesn’t want Nigel to think he is enjoying this. He doesn’t want to get off on being abused like this.

He doesn’t know how much longer his body can resist it, though.

“Shit, I’m close, gorgeous,” Nigel announces. “Fuck,” he groans.

“Not inside, please, I– ah!” he tries to speak between moans. “Please, not inside…”

Nigel, unsurprisingly, doesn’t listen. He comes deep inside of Will’s body, filling him up with hot human cum. Will screams as tears run down his face. He feels Nigel pulling out of him and drops of semen dripping from his cunt to the bottom of his tail.

It’s over now, at least.

Will tries to comfort himself with that thought. He doesn’t want to think about the possibility of being pregnant, about what could possibly come from the copulation of a human and a merman. He shakes his head and closes his eyes as if physically protecting himself against the idea.

Nigel must be tired. He should use the time to try to escape. Yet he’s tired as well, and he wants nothing more than to take a nap. He has to resist that, though. This might be the only opportunity he has. He’ll wait until the man leaves the room, then hit the walls as hard as he can. If he hurts himself in the process, he doesn’t care. He just wants to get away from here.

There’s a knock on the door. Will opens his eyes to find Nigel still panting near him, and two of the pirates that helped restrain him earlier entering the room.

They look between Will and Nigel, then to Will’s slit, dripping still, and laugh.

“You had fun with him, eh captain?” one of them asks.

“Damn,” the other one says. “Can we have a go too?”

The first one elbows him. “Hey, he belongs to captain, moron.”

“No, Darko, you know what?” Nigel says, turning to them. “I think that’s actually a great idea.” He looks at Will and grins at the panic he finds in his eyes. “Why not? Everyone

should have their fun with him.”

And with that, Will’s last remnants of hope die.

He can just close his eyes and cry.

End Notes

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